

DELL

TRAIL TO THE TEXAS RANGERS

10¢

the Lone Ranger



"WAYS OF THE WEST"



A cowboy's saddle blanket has often been a bed blanket, folded smoothly to protect his mount's back from the chafing of the heavy stock saddle.



After an exhausting ride, the cowboy may use the same blanket to protect his sweaty, weary horse from catching pneumonia in the cold wind.



When the sharp edges of the worn crum threaten to cut the horse's legs, his rider will bind them with strips cut from his saddle blanket.



Rustlers and outlaws have other uses for the blanket—using it to muffle their horse's feet, deadening sound and leaving only a blurred track.



Often a benighted cowboy finds himself with no other bed than his horse's saddle blanket—no pillow but his saddle.



There is always the danger that a salt-hungry cow, finding the sweat-soaked blanket to her taste, will try to eat it. This really has happened!

the Lone Ranger

THE TRAIL TO THE TEXAS RANGERS

AS THE LONE RANGER TOWED
AND DAN REED GALLOP ACROSS
A HIGH, BRICK TRAIL IN TEXAS,
SUDDENLY SILVER'S HORSESHOE
CATCHES...



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your old and new address, including if possible your old address label.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



WHY! I-I THOUGHT
YOU WERE BOTH
GOING OVER!



NO, DAN! JUST A
HORSESHOE ENDED
UP AT THE BOTTOM!



THERE'S NO POINT IN
RIDING DOWN FOR IT!
THE NEXT ROAD WE
CUT, TONTO WILL TAKE
SILVER TO TOWN TO
GET HIM SHOD!

BUT THAT'LL BE
JUST AN ORDINARY
HORSESHOE!



IT WILL HAVE TO DO UNTIL AFTER
THE **SPECIAL CEREMONY**!
WE'RE TAKING YOU TO IS OVER,
DAN! THEN I'LL RETURN TO
MY NINE FOR A HAND-FORGED
SILVER HORSESHOE!...
**LET'S GO, BIG
FELLOW!**

**GET-EM
UP-SEEDUT!**



BOOM!...
WHATEVER'S
CLEANING UP
YONDER SURE CAUGHT
LANCER'S EYE!

WELL, WHAT
IS IT LANCER?



THERE'S ONLY **ONE** HORSE WHO HAS
SILVER HORSESHOES...AND HE'S
RIDDEN BY A **MASKED MAN** WHO
FIGHTS ON THE SIDE OF THE **LAW**!
THEY SAY A HORSESHOE BRINGS
LUCK...BUT THE ONE MAY
BRING **BAD LUCK**
TO THAT **MASKED
RECKLER!**

MOMENTS LATER---

THREE RIDERS---
AND ONE OF THEIR
HORSES CAST A
SHOE!

FINE! THE MASKED
MAN CAN'T BE MAKING
SUCH GOOD TIME NOW!
WE'LL SOON CATCH UP!



SEEMS LIKE HE'S HEADING
TOWARD THAT NEW TEXAS
RANGERS STATION THEY'RE
OPENING UP IN THE
BURNHOLE!



I WOULDN'T KNOW *WHY* HE'S RIDING THAT
WAY, BUT I'VE GOT THE PERFECT WAY TO
SHOW THE TEXAS RANGERS HOW WE FEEL
ABOUT THEIR PUSHING INTO OUR TERRITORY!
WE'LL *PLAY* THE MASKED MAN RIGHT IN
THEIR OWN BACKYARD!



**MEANWHILE, AS TOMMY TAKES SILVER TO
TOMMY---**

I DON'T HAVE TO
MAKE A SPEECH
OR ANYTHING AT
THAT CEREMONY
TOMORROW!

I-I HOPE! DON'T WORRY, DAN!
YOU'VE ALWAYS HANDLED
YOURSELF WELL! IT'S
QUITE AN HONOR TO HAVE
A TEXAS RANGER STATION
BEAR YOUR NAME---
FORT REED!



IT'S MY NAME, BUT IT'S
BEING NAMED AFTER MY
FATHER AND MY *UNCLE*,
WHO BOTH WERE SUPPOSED
TO HAVE DIED IN AN
AMBUSH AT BRYANT'S
GAP!

YOUR FATHER DIED
THERE BRAVELY,
DAN! BUT YOUR
UNCLE---THOUGH
THERE'S A GRAVE
FOR HIM BESIDE
THOSE OF THE OTHER
FIVE RANGERS---*WASN'T*
KILLED!

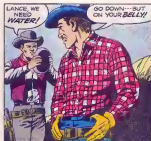


I KNOW JUST *YOUR*
IDENTITY WAS BURIED
THERE---*NOW* MY
UNCLE IS *THE*
LONE RANGER!

THAT'S A *SECRET*!
YOU SHARE WITH
ONLY A FEW OTHER
PEOPLE, DAN! AT THE
CEREMONY, ACT AS IF I
HAD DIED THERE WHEN
YOUR FATHER WENT
DOWN FIGHTING BY
MY SIDE!









AS A SHRIIL BUGLE SOUNDS ACROSS THE TEXAS PLAINS, DAN REID IS MARCHED UP TO THE COMMANDANT...



SIDE BY SIDE THEY FOUGHT TO BRING LAW AND ORDER TO TEXAS---BUT THEY LEFT MORE THAN JUST A TRADITION! THE OLDER BROTHER, CAPTAIN DAN, LEFT A SON!...DAN, I WANT YOU TO UNVEIL THE SIGN THAT NAMES OUR NEW STATION!



AND DAN, THIS COMPANY WANTS YOU TO BE AN ARMBRATORY TEXAS RANGER!



GOSH--- I-I GUESS I'M ABOUT THE LUCKIEST KID IN THE WORLD!

BUT SOON AFTER---

GRAB HIM!





AS THE OUTLAWS KEEP POUNDING
QUESTIONS AT HIM, FINALLY---



WHEN THEY APPROACH THE
CAMP THAT WAY--MY UNCLE
AND TONTO WILL SEE THEM
COMING! THEN THEY'LL
HAVE A CHANCE!
MEANWHILE, I'LL MAKE
IT BACK TO THE
RANGER STATION!



WH-WHAT ARE YOU
DOING? LET ME GO!
I TOLD YOU WHERE
HE'S CAMPED---

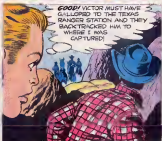


SHORTLY AFTER---



FIRE HIGH! --- WE CAN'T RISK
HITTING DAN, BUT I WANT TO
FORCE THEM DOWN FAR
ENOUGH OFF SO WE CAN
TRY TO WORK OUT A
WAY TO RESCUE DAN!













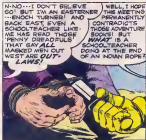
THESE RIDE OFF
PLENTY FAST!

IS THE MAN
ALL RIGHT?



BRUISED AND CUT A
BIT-- BUT OTHERWISE
---*N-NO!* YOU'RE
MASKED!

DON'T LET IT
ALARM YOU! IF IT
MEANT WHAT YOU
THINK IT DOES, WOULD
WE HAVE FREED
YOU?



N-NO---I DON'T BELIEVE
DO! BUT I'M AN **EASTER**NER
---ENOCH TURNER! AND
BACK EAST, EVEN A
SCHOOLTEACHER LIKE
ME HAS READ THOSE
'PENNY DREAFFULS'
THAT SAY **ALL**
MASKED MEN OUT
WEST ARE **OUT-
LAWS!**

WELL, I HOPE
THE MEETING
PERMANENTLY
CONTRADICTS
THOSE ADVENTURE
BOOKS! BUT
WHAT IS A
SCHOOLTEACHER
DOING AT THE END
OF AN INDIAN ROPE?



I CAME WEST TO HELP THE INDIANS! I
THINK THEIR ONLY HOPE FOR SURVIVAL
IS IN **LEARNING AND ADAPTING**
THE WAYS OF THE WHITE
MAN! A FIRST STEP
SEEMED TO BE TO
TEACH THEM TO
READ AND WRITE!

AND THE ROPE
---A SCHOOLBOY
PRANK FOR EXTRA
HOMEWORK?



NO! THE BLACKFOOT CHILDREN
TOOK TO MY LESSONS **EAGERLY**
ENOUGH! BUT THE **MEDICINE**
MAN SAW ME AS A RIVAL! HE
TOLD THE CHIEF A VISION
INFORMED HIM I WAS **EVIL**
---AND MUST BE **DRIVEN OUT!**
THE CHILDREN SPOKE WITH
ME, BUT YOU SAW WHAT
HAPPENED!

I'M GLAD
WE SAW
IT **IN**
TIME!
NOW YOU'LL
HEAD HOME!



NO! I WANT TO RETURN
TO THE BLACKFEET AND
GET MY **BOOKS!** THEN
I'LL START A SCHOOL
AT **ANOTHER CAMP!**

TOMTOM AND I
WILL RIDE WITH
YOU! YOU **MAY**
NEED **HELP**
IN CARRYING
YOUR BOOKS!















**BUT BEFORE THE BLACKFEET CAN ADVANCE, A SHRILL BUGLE SOUNDS
ACROSS THE PLAINS...**



YELLOWSTRIPES!
...BUT WHY THEY
CAME?

**I KNOW! THEY TRAILED
THOSE FIVE WHITE MEN
HERE! THE RIFLES
THEY BROUGHT WERE
STOLEN FROM THE
ARMY!**

**MORNING, CAPTAIN
BLAKE! IF YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR SOME
ARMY RIFLES---**

**...I AM, BUT MORE
PARTICULARLY
I'W AFTER THE
FIVE ROGUES
WHO JUMPED OUR
SUPPLY WAGON YESTER-
DAY AND STOLE THE
WEAPONS!**



**EAGLE WING OLAD CAPTAIN SAY
THEN HIS RIFLES BEFORE
EAGLE WING SAY FOR-UM EAGLE
WING NOT WANT TO BUY STOLEN
GUNS! BUT EAGLE WING STILL NOT
KNOW HOW STANDING DEER
LEARN THEM
ARMY
RIFLES!**



**THAT WAS EASY!
MR. TURNER TAUGHT
US TO READ!---
THIS SAY, "UNITED
STATES ARMY
RIFLES!"**

**IF THOSE SIGNS TELL
STANDING DEER
HOW TO KEEP HIS
PEOPLE FROM GETTING
INTO PLUNTRY TROUBLE,
MEDICINE MAN WRONG!
---READING AND WRITING
BE GOOD THING FOR
INDIANS! WHITE TEACHER
STAY!**



**DID YOU
HEAR---**

**...YES, STANDING DEER!
I'LL GET A CHANCE TO
FINISH MY WORK.
HERE THANKS TO
YOU AND THE
LOVE RANGER!**

**AY-YO,
SILVER!
AWAY!**



TRUE GOLD



ILLUSTRATION BY BOB MCGEE

Hal Baker dismounted at the assayer's office, eagerly lifting down heavy saddlebags filled with quartz rocks. They were flecked with gold . . . he hoped. If the assayer's test proved it was real gold ore, Baker would make the three-day ride to the County Seat and file claim to a gold strike in Redstone Canyon.

Puzzled, Baker found the office closed. Then he saw mounted men outside the bank. Among them was Charley Stark, the assayer.

"Let's go, men," said the sheriff to his posse. "The bank robbers probably headed north into the hills."

Baker watched them vanish, disappointed. He would have to wait hours for Stark to return and test his ore. Until then, he had to hold down his impatience—and keep his mouth shut. It was not wise to tell of gold before filing an official claim.

But Baker gasped, looking down at the footprints the bandits had left outside the bank. He saw bits of dried red mud . . . known only in Redstone Canyon! The bandits had set up their camp there, while the posse had ridden the opposite way.

Baker's fired horse could never overtake the posse, and before it returned and got to Redstone Canyon, the bandits probably would move on leaving no trail.

Baker shrugged. What could he do about it? Then he heard sobbing from the window of a nearby home. It was the Widow Blaine, left with four small children when her husband died.

"My savings in the bank," she wailed to a friend. "Gone. If the bandits aren't caught, the bank can't make good. I was saving for my children's education."

Baker winced. All over town people

would lose precious savings. All the able-bodied men were gone. All that remained were the usual loafers, who never did anything if they could help it.

"Listen," Baker told them. "The bandits went to Redstone Canyon. If we ride hard, we can get them while they rest their horses before moving on. Come on . . ."

Nance stirred. "We had no money in the bank," sneered one. "Why should we risk our necks?"

Baker hesitated. One thing could lure them on the ride . . . gold! Should he tell of his strike? But that would start a gold stampede before Baker could file his own claim. Risky business.

Tom, Baker tried to shut out the faint sobbing he still heard from the Widow Blaine. Why risk losing his gold claim for her sake?

Baker swung back. "Gold!" he yelled at the loafers. "I struck gold in Redstone Canyon. I'll show you where—after we grab the bandits."

"Gold?" Heads shot up eagerly. "That's different. Let's go."

At Redstone Canyon, Baker's posse took the robbers completely by surprise. Then Baker kept his bargain, pointing out the winding arroyo where gold waited. With a whoop the men deserted Baker, leaving him to bring in the bandits alone.

All the way back Baker called himself a prize fool. They would probably jump his claim too, filing before he had a chance to. He had given up a bonanza for a sobbing widow . . .

In town, turning the bandits over to the sheriff, who had returned, Baker told his story bitterly. He showed the assayer his ore.

Stark examined it closely, then laughed. "Fool's gold!"

Baker jerked as if shot. His first shock of disappointment turned to an ironic chuckle. "Anyway, those claim jumpers gain nothing, even if I lose out."

"Who said you lost out?" smiled the sheriff. "You led the way to those robbers, so I reckon you get the posted reward . . . \$5,000!"

Baker choked. Fool's gold or not, he had not been a fool after all.

YOUNG HAWK

YOU ARE RIGHT, LITTLE BUCK---OUR CANOE, WHICH HAS LIVED THROUGH SO MANY STORMS, WILL NEVER SAIL AGAIN!

WRECKED ON THE NORTHERN COAST OF YUCATAN PENINSULA, YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK, WITH THE SMALL BOY, STAMPED THEMSELVES UNHARMED.

HELP ME, LITTLE BUCK! WE MUST SALVAGE OUR WEAPONS ---

YES! AND OUR FIRE TOOLS, TOO, YOUNG HAWK! ---BEFORE THEY ARE WATER-SOAKED!

WE MAY NEED THIS ROPE!

---AND OUR WATER BOTTLES! THIS COUNTRY LOOKS DRY!

NOW WHERE SHALL WE GO, YOUNG HAWK? INLAND, OR ALONG THE BEACH?

THEY SHOULD USE WATER INLAND---MORE LIKELY REACH RIVER!

A DESERT! WE COULD DIE OF THIRST HERE!

RESOLUTELY, BUT WITH LESS HOPE, THE CASTAWAYS PUSH SOUTHWARD OVER THE NEARLY BARREN PLATEAU.

TWO DAYS LATER ---

DRINK ONLY A LITTLE!
WE MAY NOT FIND WATER
WHEN WE REACH THAT
BLUE RIDGE!



YOUNG HAWK!
WHAT ARE THOSE
STRANGE ROCKS?



LATE IN THE DAY THEY REACH THE BOTTOM OF THE RIDGE ---
AND THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT PALACE.

IT LOOKS LIKE A
DWELLING PLACE WHICH
MEN BUILT --- AND IT
SEEMS VERY OLD!



GHORRY!
GHORRY DEEH!

LITTLE BROTHER!
WHAT --- ?

OVER THERE ---
UNDER THAT WALL ---
LOOK!



SUDDENLY THE SMALL HAWK ON YOUNG HAWK'S SHOULDER
CHATTERS EXCITEDLY.

LOO ---
REHOOH ?



FROM BENEATH ANOTHER RUINED WALL, A
WILD PIG POKES A DRIPPING SNOUT.









AS NIGHT DESCENDS, THE LITTLE BLADE HELPS TO MAKE UP FOR THE LACK OF FOOD.



LETER, FROM THE HILL BEHIND THE RUINED MAYA PALACE, A JAGUAR'S MORNING CRY RISES AND FALLS! THE PECARIES WHIM, SILENTLY INTO THE NIGHT, BUT THE GREAT SPOTTED CAT



YOUNG HAWK'S SMALL PET, EVER ALERT, WHILLS A WARNING OF DANGER UNSOON.



THEN, GLANCING ACROSS THE FIRE'S EMBERS, YOUNG HAWK SEES THE JAGUAR'S GLAZING EYES!



IN ONE SPLIT INSTANT, HE SNATCHES A HALF-BURNED STICK FROM THE DYING FIRE, AND HURLS IT---STRAIGHT AT THE SPARKING MUSIC!



WITH AN EAR-SPLITTING SQUALL, THE HYDRA CAT LEAPS---OFF INTO SPACE!



LITTLE BROTHER! WHILE WE SLEPT, YOUR EARS HEARD, YOUR EYES KEPT WATCH!

WHAH! I THINK THE GREAT SPIRIT SENT HIM TO GUARD US, YOUNG HAWK!



LOOK, LITTLE BUCK! PROOF DWELLINGS HOUSE A GREAT PEOPLE!



BUT WILL THEY BE
FRIENDLY, YOUNG HARK?
IS IT SAFE TO
APPROACH?

WE SHALL SEE!
THOSE BUILDINGS ARE
ONE GOOD SIGN---WARLIKE
MEN WOULD HAVE NO TIME
FOR SUCH WORK!



WOLFRICHO?

UNEXPECTEDLY, YOUNG HARK AND HIS
COMPANIONS COME UPON A NATIVE
COUPLE PLANTING CORN.



Egg!

STARTLED, THE YOUNG FARMER LOSES
HIS BALANCE, AND FALLS.



HERE--- I WILL HELP YOU UP!
LITTLE BUCK! PICK UP
THE SPILLED CORN!



YOU WERE PRISONERS? STRANGERS ARE
OFTEN ENEMIES--- AND YOU HAD NO
WEAPON. BUT WE ARE FRIENDS!

ALTHOUGH YOUNG HARK'S SPEECH IS FOREIGN,
HIS SMILE IS WARM! CONFIDENCE RETURNS
TO THE YOUNG MAYAN.



... AND IN THIS CONFIDENCE THE
SEEDS OF FRIENDSHIP TAKE ROOT.



the CEDAR BIRD

Cedar birds are the roving members of the wax-wing family. With no fixed seasons for migrating, they are found from the northern British provinces to Central America in winter. Because they travel in such large numbers, these birds quickly use up all the food in a neighborhood, and are forced to move on—leading a nomadic life.

About four-fifths the size of a robin, the back and prominent crest of the male Cedar Bird is a rich grayish brown in color, while his breast is lighter and more yellow. A velvety black line runs around his forehead, and his wing ends are trimmed with a bright yellow band. The female is similarly colored, but duller.

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